

The Punishment Room

By rathergirl

““You’ve been bad.””

The words startled Rose who’d been drying the last of her dishes. The Doctor hadn’t appeared at dinner time, and she had suspected he was still mad at her for flirting with that guy they’d met earlier. Of course, she’d no real interest in the man, but the Doctor wouldn’t have seen it like that. Which had been Rose’s intention.

She liked it when he got angry.

Bowing her head in contrition, she stayed facing away from him as he stood in the door. He didn’t like to be looked at when he was in this kind of mood -- not that that had ever stopped her from taking the odd peek.....and being punished for it later.

She liked being punished.

““I’m sorry,”” she said softly. It was a risk, he didn’t like being talked to when he was in this mood either. Often he required he absolute silence, punishing her for any noise she made.

““I’m not interested in your apologies, I’m interested in your behaviour -- and how we’re going to make sure you don’t do it again. Go to the room.”” There was no need for her to ask which room, she knew which room he meant -- they had a special room that he used just for punishing her.

Before turning she placed her plate back in the sink and without raising her eyes (there’d be time for defiance later), she walked past him, watching him out of the corner of her eye as she did so. She was just about past him when his arm flashed out and his fingers caught her ear twisting it, and pulling her backwards. Rose fought back a cry of pain, knowing it would make it worse and kept her eyes focussed as far away from him as she could.

““I saw that! You don’t look at me, do you understand?””

She didn’t respond, unsure of what he wanted from her.

His fingers tightened. ““Do you understand?”” the words were forced out of his mouth as he placed his lips very near her ear.

““Yes, Doctor,”” she said meekly.

““Good.”” He smacked her hard across the backside. ““Get moving and don’t forget the rules, or you’ll regret it.””

The punishment room was smallish and lowly lit. There was no bed in it, because that was not what punishment was about -- comfort and soft things. There was one hard wooden chair that had shackles, cuffs and a collar. A bar ran along one wall, and had cuffs attached to it. A chain hung from the ceiling, and in one corner there was a table with a large chest beside it. The chest had all the Doctor’s instruments in it. Rose still hadn’t seen everything in that chest and she always looked forward to finding out what else was in there, though what she had seen was enough to keep her amused for a very long time.

It was also very warm, because as cold as the Doctor’s body temperature was, he seemed to like it very, very hot when he had sex, plus her sweat acted as an aphrodisiac. Their bedroom was the same way.

In the room, she stood, staring at the floor, making sure her eyes didn’t even reach his feet. She couldn’t see him, but he was circling around her, and she knew his eyes were raking her frame, and his lips were curled with disgust.

““Do you know why you’re going to be punished?””

She waited.

““Answer me!””

““Because I’m a slut and a whore, and I deserve it.””

““What do you deserve?””

““Punishment.””

““That’s right. Strip.”” She waited until he turned away and began to take off her clothes, she did it quickly, and placed them in a small basket by the

door. He was uninterested in the removal of her clothes, and would be angered if she wasn't ready by the time he was. She managed to reach her spot in the middle of the room, just as he turned back and she kept her head bowed.

“Go to the bar and bend over.”

She did as he asked, her heart beating in her throat, anticipation and nervousness battling through her. She never knew what he was planning, and though she knew it would be painful, she also knew it would be very enjoyable. In fact, more than once in the punishment room, she had come harder than she ever had outside of it -- even at the very talented hands of the Doctor.

Carefully, she wrapped her hands around the bar, a sprained wrist having taught her the perils of negligence. That was the only time they'd stopped in the middle of a punishment, and Rose had been very embarrassed, particularly as the Doctor didn't look at her properly for the rest of the day, and for a long time afterward, they'd stayed out of the punishment room. She had no desire for a repeat performance.

The fabric of his suit was soft and warm against the bare skin of her back, but she could feel his hard length pressing into her buttocks -- she hoped that this wouldn't be the only time she did. The ear that he'd twisted earlier was still hot and sore, but he still took it between his teeth, and worried at it, before whispering, “I don't think we need the chains today, because you know the rules. But we will use this, because it is your mouth that causes all the trouble.” He gagged her, which was fairly typical, unless he wanted her to use her mouth for a specific purpose, like sucking him off, she was always gagged in the punishment room. To the point that gags were now a huge turn-on for her.

Behind her there was a rustle, and the Doctor was gone, but returned quickly, lightly stroking her arse. There was a whistle through air and something cracked against the skin where his fingers had been just seconds before, and unable to help herself, Rose cried out, her scream muffled through the gag.

He grabbed her breast in one of his lightning movements, squeezing it painfully. “What was that? Did you make a noise Rose?”

She shook her head, and his fingers squeezed harder, bringing tears to her eyes.

““You did! I was going to let you off lightly, today, but now, I’m just going to have to give you the whole thing.”” He let go and returned to his spot behind her. She heard the same sound of something cutting through the air, but this time she was expecting the bite of the whip and didn’t cry out when he laid it across her skin with more force than before.

And so he went on, hitting her with the whip until she thought that her skin would be broken, though she knew he’d never do that. The fire burning across her arse, wrapped itself through her body, twisting in her belly and womb, and tingling through her breasts and clit, there was dampness coating her inner thighs. He’d never used a whip before -- usually, it was a paddle or something similar. Perhaps this time she had been very bad.

The entire time he called her names. He told her what a slut she was, whoring herself out to any man who came her way. She deserved what she was getting and she was lucky this was all he did to her. He didn’t like the thought of touching her after what she had done, but he was going to do so anyway, because she was wicked and made him want her.

She knew she had the power over him in times like these, which was why he did this, he didn’t like admitting she had the power. And his helplessness to stop his actions was one of the things that always made her enjoy this so much. Oh the whip hurt, but it was a very good pain when she knew he was going to be inside her soon, losing all hope of control.

Finally, he stopped, and she heard the whip land on the ground and his zipper was undone.

““Spread your legs.””

Rose obeyed and was prepared when seconds later he was buried deep inside her. He was so fast when he wanted to be, and she knew, from painful (though not unpleasurable) experience that she’d better be ready for him.

Oh, he felt so good inside, buried in as deep as he could get, his balls and hair against her arse, their softness and welcome difference to the stinging whip. There was nothing soft about the length inside of her, though. And she

waited for him to start thrusting, hard and fast, but he stayed still. Instead he leant across her again and whispered in her ear, the pain all but disappeared against the still burning skin of her rear.

““Who do you belong to?”” Quick fingers removed her gag, and she moistened her mouth.

““You.””

““For how long?””

““Forever.””

““And will you stop acting like a whore?””

““Yes.””

““Liar!”” he hissed and bit the skin of her shoulder, pulling almost completely out of her and thrusting in. He fucked her hard, but she was careful not to make a sound, though he was gasping and moaning in her ear, saying unintelligible things.

A knot of pleasure began to build in Rose, and his fingers found her clit. It was no fun for him unless she got off as well.

The knot grew and grew, until Rose hoped that she would come soon, or else she was going to have to make a sound, she was really going to have to scream. She was really going to have to..... She was.....

Soundlessly she came, and seconds later felt him squirting hot liquid inside her, as he shouted his own release. Once done, he pulled out of her and she heard him zip his pants up. She didn't move. Her knees were shaky from her climax and her insides felt like hot mush, she was dripping sweat, and the remains of her ejaculation and his (she'd never ejaculated until the punishment room), but she knew better than to give any sign.

““Get yourself cleaned up.”” The door shut behind him, and she began to do as he asked, in the small adjoining bathroom, removing the traces of bodily fluids, particularly sweat as smelling that on her skin would arouse him, and she wasn't sure her body could handle another orgasm like that. For at least a few minutes, anyway.

Without bothering to dress, she left the punishment room and returned to their room, sliding into bed with him, and into his warm arms. Sex always made his body warm, and it would stay that way for a couple of hours.

““All right?”” he whispered in her ear, his breath soft and cool, compared to its harshness earlier. He enjoyed the punishment room as much as she did, but sometimes, particularly when they were trying something new, like tonight, or if he was particularly rough, he became anxious, seeming afraid that he was doing something she might not enjoy. She’d reassured him countless times that if it got too much she’d tell him.

““Definitely,”” she told him, now. ““More than.””

He grinned and kissed her, rolling on to his back and taking her with him. This was part of their ritual, too -- and it would be another hour before they went to sleep.

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## PART 2

The punishment room wasn’t exactly a dirty little secret. They didn’t talk about it outside of the room, except when he was ordering her into it, in the husk his Northern accent took on. The tone that made her wet just thinking about what he was going to do to her in that room. But it never came up in a conversation, not really. Rose wasn’t sure how to ask and the Doctor didn’t offer any explanations.

The closest they’d come was two days before they’d ever gone inside, before she even knew it existed. Out of curiosity, she’d asked him one night to handcuff her to the headboard during sex and he’d agreed easily enough a look of dark desire in his eyes that she hadn’t expected. She liked being tied up, always found the end result more pleasurable; actually, she liked tying people up as well -- it was fun to watch them squirm, unable to do anything about it -- but she couldn’t sum up the courage to ask him that.

Once she was lying, naked and cuffed on his bed (leather cuffs, shiny buckles), her legs open, he’d asked her if she trusted him, and looking up at him standing above her, his impressive erection, angry and ready, she’d felt a fission of nerves which had increased her sensitivity, her arousal. Still,

she'd managed to answer smartly that she was allowing him to do this, wasn't she? His eyes darkened again and he repeated the question. Shivers running up and down her spine at the menace in his tone she told him very simply and honestly, ""Yes.""

He'd blindfolded her, and repeated the question, and at her positive response he'd gagged her. The gag, she'd learn was a very important part, and it would be a rare occasion that he'd leave it off, and was designed to keep her quiet. If she wasn't, she discovered that night, he'd find a way to punish her, he'd pinch her in sensitive places, or he'd hold back from touching her, or if her offence was particularly strong (or he was in a particularly bad mood), he wouldn't let her come at all. He was capable of holding off her orgasm for several hours. They didn't go that far that night, but the next day she would discover bruises on her breasts and inner thighs: she'd never realised just how stimulating pain could be.

That was also the only time anything like that happened in their bedroom. Their bedroom was a place where they made love with care and attention to detail. Rose speculated she enjoyed it all the more for their punishments.

The only other time it'd been introduced, briefly was for the Doctor to mention that if she ever wanted him to stop, he'd know. Which was true of the time, he'd hung her upside down from the chain in the punishment room, putting pressure on an injury she hadn't told him about. Trying to ignore the pain, which was for once an unpleasant intrusion, Rose attempted to focus on the Doctor, and what his tongue was doing. But less than a second later, he'd undone the chains was setting her on her feet and helping her to the medbay. Once she was healed, she'd been punished for that transgression.

She always felt safe in his arms and she trusted him completely, and he'd never let her down, or done anything that she was completely uncomfortable with.

Right now, she was kneeling at his feet, hands tied behind her, his cock as far down her throat as it would go. She was completely naked, and he was still completely dressed, only his fly undone. Needless to say this was one of the few times he hadn't gagged her. His hands were fisted in her hair, pulling at it, and without warning, instead of holding her where she was, sucking on him, working her mouth around him, he began to jerk her head

backwards and forwards, moving his hips at the same time. She was almost choking on him when he suddenly pushed her off him and backwards. The suddenness took Rose off-guard and she fell awkwardly, her limbs tangled, his cum splashing over her in a sticky mess.

Rose knew better than to try and clean it off just yet or even move. He zipped himself up.

““Get cleaned up.”” Rose obediently went to the bathroom, and cleaned his seed off her body, grinning at her reflection in the mirror, remembering how he’d lost control and thinking about what was going to happen next. She hadn’t come yet, and he never left her unsatisfied.

Back in the main room, she found he’d laid some clothes out for her on the table, a very short skirt, a low cut top, a pair of very high boots, and no bra or underwear. Concerned that she knew what he was playing at, she started to protest, but he slapped her on the backside twice (oh, they both had a love for a spot of spanking) and told her that if she wanted to visit her mother, she had to do it his way. She did so slowly, his eyes watching her every move, dispassionately. He could have been watching her dress a turkey for all the interest he showed her, even when she knew just how sexy he found her naked body.

When she was dressed, knowing she probably looked like some naughty school girl fantasy, she stood still in her customary spot, eyes downcast, trying to predict exactly what he wanted from her. He was always so unreadable, but then half the fun was not knowing.

““Your mother doesn’t know what a slut you are, does she?”” the Doctor asked, but Rose didn’t bother to respond, he didn’t want her to. ““She doesn’t realise just what a dirty girl you are, what you let me do to you, where you let me put my cock. Perhaps, today she’ll find out. Go to the bar and bend over.””

She did as he asked, tremors of anticipation running through her. She should have been horrified at the thought there was a chance her mother would find out about what she did, what she liked, but she knew the Doctor would never let that happen. He just wanted to punish her for wanting to see her mother. She’d be tortured the whole time she was there, but her mother would never find out.



““Have you seen one of these before?”” he held a remote control vibrating bullet in front of her face and she nodded, Shireen had had one, and given Rose the controls more than once. ““Good, you’re going to be wearing it while we visit your mother. This will be your opportunity to prove how good you are at keeping quiet. Every time, I think you are not feeling repentant I will activate this.””

He slid the bullet inside her, and before he moved his fingers away, stroked her clit, causing her to shudder then brought his hand up to her mouth for her to clean. Showing no sign of emotion, just to annoy him in a way he could punish, she licked her juices off slowly.

Without warning a shock ran through her as he turned the controls on, and a hard pulse started up right next to her g-spot. Rose jumped and only just managed to hold back a yelp, at the sensation, too hard to be comfortable or even pleasant. She glared at him, but he held her gaze, darkly, until she lowered her eyes in submission. The sensation faded and disappeared completely, and he was smirking at her coldly, she could feel it, even if she couldn’t see his face.

On the walk up to her mother’s apartment they chattered lightly, or rather Rose chattered and the Doctor added a comment when he felt like it. The bullet was switched off, but Rose could feel it inside her, brushing against the most sensitive places. She squeezed her inner muscles over it tightly, enjoying the sensation.

As she lifted her hand to knock, the bullet started to vibrate lightly, much lighter than earlier, and she gasped and faltered. She glanced at the Doctor, but he just looked back at her serenely, as if there was nothing out of the ordinary and reached passed her to rap on the door. She noticed that one hand stayed in his pocket and then the vibrations stopped. She was damp between her legs and a little frustrated now, but she didn’t have time to think about it, as her mother pulled open the door and with a delighted shriek pulled her into a hug.

““What’s he doing here? And why are you wearing that?”” inquired Jackie sharply, pulling away from her daughter, and leading them both down the hall.

Rose was about to protest, but the vibrations started up again, rubbing in all the right places, the dampness between Rose's legs increased and she did feel a little dirty for doing this in her mother apartment with her mother right there. Jackie would kill her if she knew. No, she'd kill the Doctor and lock Rose up. Jackie Tyler was no prude, nor was she clueless, but she didn't know about Rose's tastes, and Rose knew those were beyond her mother.

“Well?” Jackie repeated and Rose managed to spit out, without too much trouble, an answer to satisfy her mother. Jackie looked dubious, but didn't say anything.

The knowledge her mother wouldn't approve just made it better, because she was a naughty little slut who needed her punishment. Oh yes, she needed her punishment..... she could settle down on the couch as her mother was in the kitchen making tea.....

Abruptly the sensation stopped, as all of a sudden the Doctor must have switched off the bullet. Rose just about screamed in frustration, body involuntarily clamping and loosening around the object buried deep in her. Rose shot him a dark look, but he ignored it as Jackie returned with a cup of tea for them all, twittering on about the neighbours business and celebrity gossip and whatever else was happening in her head at that moment. Rose tightened her muscles around the bullet and relaxed them, just like she did daily with her Ben Wa balls.

The Doctor's hand stayed in his pocket as he accepted a cup of tea from Jackie, glowering at Rose in a meaningful way when Jackie managed a sideswipe on how long it'd been since she'd last seen Rose. Thankfully her mother didn't catch the way he was looking at her, as his blue eyes were glowing with aggression and desire, dominance. Rose shivered.

“I'm not surprised you're cold!” snapped Jackie. “Look at what you're wearing. Really Rose..... is this anything to do with you?” she said to the Doctor with uncanny prescience.

“Me, no!” The Doctor protested with so much innocence that Rose almost believed him. “Nothing to do with me!”

Jackie narrowed her eyes and turned to Rose, who had her cup half way to

her mouth. The Doctor chose that moment to switch the bullet back on. Adrenaline, stress and arousal coursed through Rose's veins like electricity and she jumped, spilling hot tea over her bare legs. She yelped and jumped up, barely managing to keep from spilling more of the liquid.

The Doctor and her mother tutted at her, and Jackie found her a cold cloth to clean herself up with and to press against her inflamed flesh. The bullet stayed on, easily distracting Rose from her pain. No more was said about her clothes, though she could practically feel her mother's disapproval, even through the waves of pleasure that were bringing Rose ever close to her climax. It was all she could do to keep from gasping.

Eventually Jackie was satisfied and removed the cloth from Rose, and the Doctor turned the bullet off. Rose trembled on the edge of climax before sliding back into frustration. Aware of Jackie's scrutiny, Rose relaxed back into the couch and sipped her tea, listening to her mother's constant litany. Usually Rose would try to keep up with her mother, asking questions, adding appropriate sounds of agreement or outrage when required, but she was a little preoccupied today as the Doctor intermittently switched the bullet on and off. He seemed to sense just when she was about to orgasm and when her muscles had relaxed enough again, and adjusted the setting to keep her in the heights of arousal with no release. Rose spent most of her time either trying to bite back moans of pleasure or groans of frustration.

"What's wrong Rose?" her mother asked when she jumped again after the bullet was turned on at a high setting. "You're very quiet today. Is something wrong, you seem upset."

"I'm fine, Mum, really, just a little tired. Was up late last night, looking at the stars." Which was the truth: they'd been on some moon, she lying on her back while the Doctor did fabulous things with his tongue, proving once again that all their fun was not in the punishment room.

"You should be taking better care of her, making sure she gets enough sleep," Jackie said to the Doctor and he returned with a look of wounded innocence.

"Mum, I'm fine, the Doctor does take good care of me; I'm just a little tired."

Jackie didn't seem entirely convinced, but she bustled off to the kitchen with the tray and empty cups.

In the kitchen there was a rattle of dishes into the dishwasher, which Rose would usually offer to help with, or bully the Doctor into helping with (knowing the punishment). Not today, however, as instead of the vibrations disappearing, as before, this time they only heightened, becoming harder and faster, almost too much so. Rose had been prompted to the highs of frustration and it didn't take long for her to reach climax. As she was dragged under hot waves of pleasure, only a tiny gasp escaping her lips, though her fingers clawed at the arm of the couch. Distantly, she noted the Doctor's approval of her silence. He kept the vibrations going until the point just before it became uncomfortable and Rose had stopped shuddering.

Quickly, she climbed to her shaky feet and checked out the couch, knowing she'd need to cover the damp patch before her mother returned. A cushion would hopefully work long enough for the stain to dry. To all appearances the Doctor hadn't moved an inch, his facial expression displaying only his boredom. Rose knew differently, and she knew that she better wrap up this little visit in short measure or she'd suffer the consequences

Rose said a quick goodbye to her mother, despite Jackie's protestations and promised to visit again soon and then followed the Doctor out of the apartment. She felt a little guilty for being so abrupt and leaving so quickly after arriving, but her next visit would just have to be longer, despite the punishment. Just what would happen if she suggested an overnight stay to the Doctor? Her mouth watered, and a low throb started up again between her legs, not the bullet, just her desire.

She didn't get to ask him about staying at her mother's, because before she knew it, they were back at the TARDIS and he put them into the Vortex. Moments later, the bullet had been yanked out of her, and her legs were wrapped around his waist, her back pressed up against one of the supports, and he was thrusting in her, hard and fast. They both came quickly and noisily, Rose enjoying the freedom all the more for the earlier restraint, and god, was he ever beautiful when worked up like this.

He lowered them to the ground, his face buried in her shoulder, breath coming in short sharp pants and she stroked his short hair. They wouldn't

stay long like this, the grill of the TARDIS floor was uncomfortable, already she could feel the grate pressing into parts of her that she really rather it wouldn't and the Doctor didn't stay still or quiet for long anyway, but just for the moment she enjoyed the stillness and the quiet.

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PART 3

Captain Jack Harkness' appearance on the TARDIS had caused some upset to usual routines, and Rose had to wonder why, though it didn't exactly worry her. The thought of conducting their regular sex life while there was someone else on board made her nervous -- she didn't like the feeling that someone else would be able to see that much of her. The vulnerability didn't stem so much from a physical sense, in fact being naked at the same time as Captain Jack was quickly becoming an erotic fantasy, but from the fact that Rose knew most people would consider her particular tastes (and the Doctor's!) immoral. Of course, Jack's tastes seemed run to all sorts of things she hadn't even considered.

She wondered how he felt about punishment, and what he'd think of her and the Doctor for indulging in it. Would he think less of them, would he tell them to enjoy themselves, or would he want to join in? She couldn't help but shiver at that thought, and wondered what would happen with the three of them in the punishment room. Still Jack would need to do something completely bad to be punished like Rose did.

Something like flirting with Rose and getting Rose to flirt back at him, which always had a delicious taint of illicitness to it. She knew the Doctor hated her flirting with other men (even more so with other women, she'd discovered to her delight), and now she was doing so on a daily basis, right under his nose, on his TARDIS. But whatever restraints he'd put himself under had kept him from doing anything.

She wondered if she had to actually get Jack to touch her in order for him to react. Her arse or her breasts would probably do the trick, though perhaps she should seal the deal with a kiss.....

And she had to stop there, she really had to stop right there, because she was becoming very turned on and the Doctor had a very sensitive nose, which would pick up on her arousal very quickly. It was hard though, trying

not to picture the Doctor punishing Jack, or Jack watching her being punished by the Doctor. Unconsciously her body began to rock where she was sitting in the pilot's chair, as the two men were working on some minor repairs, the seam of her jeans rubbed her in the right places, and she was so used to her Kegel exercises that she could just about work herself to climax by using them.

Wondering if she should excuse herself to have a shower or a bath -- she was sure her vibrator was still around somewhere -- Rose just about leapt out of her skin when the Doctor shouted at her.

““Rose!”” She knew that voice. Oh! She knew that voice. That was the voice that promised she was in trouble. That voice said she'd done something wrong and was going to be punished for it. Quickly she suppressed a shiver of delight, because she knew it would only anger him, and she had a role to play. Out of the corner of her eye she noticed Jack had stopped what he was doing and was watching them with a little concern.

““Go to the room, and prepare yourself! By the time I get there, you are to be ready and in position.””

Quaking inside from desire, anticipation and nervousness, Rose did as she was told. Without looking at Jack or the Doctor, she headed into the depths of the TARDIS where she knew the Punishment Room was waiting for her.

In the room, she quickly stripped herself off, placed the clothes in the small basket and stood in the centre of the room waiting. She knew she had to be ready quickly, because he could arrive at anytime. Sometimes, he seemed to be there too quickly, and then she would be punished for not being ready. Other times he took a long time, but expected her to wait, and if she wasn't where she was meant to be when he entered the room, then she was punished for it.

Today she was waiting by the time he got there, but not for more than a minute or so. Clearly he had other intentions for her today, other punishments; he was not testing her patience or her ability to follow orders with speed. And when he entered the room, she could easily see he had something completely different on his mind. Because hard on his heels was Jack Harkness.

Jack drew up short when he spotted the young woman standing completely naked, head bowed, in the centre of the room, and Rose heard his quick intake of breath.

The Doctor seemed to ignore this, though without being able to see more than the feet of the two men, Rose had no clear idea. Her lover strode into the room, while Jack hovered in the doorway.

““Rose,”” said the Doctor, his tone low and angry. ““Please tell Jack what this room is.””

““The Punishment Room.””

““And why do we have this room?””

““To punish me when I’m bad.””

““Very good. As this is Jack’s first time, he won’t be punished. He is going to watch your punishment, because he needs to understand what will happen if he is bad.

““Rules: you do exactly what you’re told. No questions. You keep silent. You don’t look at me. Now, get undressed and sit in the chair.”” The last command was clearly directed at Jack, so Rose stayed where she was, listening to the sound of Jack stripping and wishing she could watch, but her fevered imagination was providing her with particularly tantalising images of Jack revealing his skin inch by inch. A fantasy the Doctor didn’t share, as she could hear him going through his box of toys.

She was aware of the air shifting as Jack sat in the chair and she heard the rattle of chains and chink of locks as the Doctor cuffed the ex-time agent to the seat. Hands, feet, and a collar around the neck. Rose knew from experience that once you were in the chair, other than your hands, you had very little in the way of movement, but not being able to move was one of her favourite ways to be at the Doctor’s mercy.

““Rose. Go to the bar. Bend over.”” She walked to the bar which was on one side of the room, placed her hands on it, and waited. Cool cuffs were placed around her wrists and snapped into place. Rose didn’t make a sound, knowing this was all part of the ritual, and knowing what would come next, and how much she would enjoy it. Already, she could feel dampness pooling between her legs in response to the heat growing in her belly.

Without warning, something came down hard on her arse. The paddle, the one with the holes in it, she could tell by the whistle it made as forced it's way through the air, and from the stinging bite on her bum as it made contact. The holes, she'd been informed were there to give the paddle less air resistance, meaning her could hit her harder with it. Usually, he just used one of his other paddles -- he had quite a variety -- but when she was very naughty.....

““Slut!”” he hissed as he brought the paddle down a second time, and she felt her back straighten slightly. The words and the sting sent tingles straight to her cunt. ““You’ve been wanting Jack to touch you.”” The paddle came down again, Rose fought the urge to moan in pain and pleasure -- he’d hear her, and punish her more. ““You want him to touch you in all the ways you shouldn’t.”” And again. And again. Rose’s arse was hot and sore, but her pussy was so very wet. Each beat sent gorgeous waves of desire through her. ““You’ve been wanting him to fuck you since he came on board.”” Another three smacks. Rose was faintly impressed with Jack’s ability to keep quiet, but only faintly, as she was more impressed by her efforts. She wanted to demand the Doctor take her now, or let Jack take her, or something, whatever. She just wanted it to be *now*.

““Well, I’m going to let him.”” Another whack and Rose wanted to cry out. It hurt, but felt so good. ““He’s going to fuck you, right here in this room. In front of me.”” And another one.

““Why is that Rose?””

““Because I’m a slut.””

Again, harder this time. Rose bit her lip. ““Yes, you are. You are a dirty little slut. So Jack is going to fuck you, but you won’t come. Why?””

““Because I’m yours.””

This time the paddle hit her so hard that her whole body jerked, she tasted blood in her mouth, and there were tears in her eyes.

““That’s right, filthy whore that you are.””

The paddle kept coming and so did the words. She wasn’t required to say

anymore, but he heaped acidic words on her head to go with the fire that was now burning her arse and the heat pouring through her. Tears rolled down her cheeks, her fists were clenched tight, and she wasn't sure how she kept from making a noise, but she was silent. God, it was so good.

Finally only cool air caressed her arse and the Doctor stepped around her, snapping the cuffs undone and allowing her to stand straight, though keeping her eyes down, not looking at him. For several long moments, she felt him standing behind her, but not touching her. She wished he would hurry up.

Denim, wool and leather pushed themselves up against her frame, and cold hands rested on her hips. He nipped her shoulder and rubbed his crotch into her buttocks, allowing her to feel his hard-on.

“Go to Jack,” a harsh voice whispered in her ear, making her shiver.
“Take his cock in your mouth, and blow his mind. I will stop you, because he's going to be inside you when he comes, but you don't come, not with him.”

She nodded.

“Good girl. Now go.”

Head bowed, she knelt at Jack's feet. Once again she heard what could have been a sharp intake of breath, but he made no other sound. It had taken Rose a lot longer than this to be used to this kind of behaviour and not make any sound at all.

She raised her head a little and took in his cock. He was as big as the Doctor, or at least fairly comparable, and she had a brief flash of three bodies tangled together on a bed, her in the middle.....but it was an “out of room” thought so she banished it.

Lightly, she flicked Jack's cock, and she heard a muffled groan. Ah, he'd been gagged, no wonder he'd been so quiet. The sound made her draw back and wait.

“No noise or she'll stop.” The Doctor's voice cut through the air somewhere above her. “Continue Rose.”

She was good at this. Handcuffs had been a big part of her and Mickey's sex life, used on both of them, and Mickey had loved nothing more than being sucked off while he was tied to the headboard.

Rose licked Jack again, lightly, before taking a bigger swipe at him, caressing the throbbing erection with her tongue, sliding from one end to the other and back again. There were traces of liquid other than saliva and she licked them up, rolling it on her tongue -- it'd been a while since she'd tasted human. She blew on his cock and he jumped, Rose smirked, she would have thought he was an old hand at this.

Then she took him in her mouth, as far as she could, and used her lips and tongue to work her way down his length, pulling off with a wet "pop". Such a simple movement, but his hips jerked, so she gathered she was doing it right, quite a reaction from a man as experienced as Jack. She blew on him again, drying the last traces of moisture, before taking him in again and using the same technique. Two, three times.

"“Stop.”" The Doctor's command held her still. "“Enough. Fuck him now.”" Obediently, she stood, straddled Jack's lap and without preamble took him deep inside her. He filled her well, stretching her walls pleurably; she could easily get used to having this man inside her.

The way his body was chained really did restrict movement, so she had to guide their bodies together, lifting her hips up and thrusting down, clenching her muscles at the same time. Rose had always been good at controlling her pelvic floor muscles and she exercised them regularly, giving her the ability to adjust both her own and her partner's pleasure during sex. Jack's expression said he appreciated it, and she had to smile.

She was so slick and wet that he moved easily within her, creating warm friction to go with her throbbing clit and still burning arse. Underneath her, she could feel him starting to tremble, and Rose marvelled at her ability to have two men so at her power.

She didn't have long to contemplate it, however, as she needed all her concentration to keep from coming. The Doctor didn't want her to come with Jack, because she didn't belong to Jack, she belonged to the Doctor. Now, she suspected, so did Jack. He'd have to watch who he flirted with -- the Doctor wouldn't like any indiscriminate behaviour, though she suspected that Jack wouldn't mind the resulting punishment. She hoped

she was allowed to watch.

Rose pulled back, so she was almost completely off him, as tightly as she could, she retracted the muscles deep within her, and then pressed down on Jack as hard. That pressure was enough and he stiffened beneath her, his wet stickiness coating her insides.

For long moments, she had to hold herself still as her muscles involuntarily clenched around his pulsating cock. Her breath caught in her throat as she struggled against the rising tide of her orgasm. She wanted to come, oh god, did she want to come! But she couldn't, and she teetered on the knife edge of pleasure, feeling the man inside her soften as his body relaxed.

““Rose,”” Jack mumbled, through his gag. ““God, Rose.....””

““Shhhh,”” she said sharply, knowing Jack had no idea, but you didn't talk in the punishment room, not unless the Doctor told you to.

““She's right,”” the Doctor said sharply. ““You don't talk in this room.”” Jack's head was jerked back by a hand in his hair, completely under the other man's control.

““Rose. Get up, and clean him off you.””

Obediently, Rose stood, but instead of heading for the small bathroom, she deliberately stuck two fingers between her legs to where Jack's seed mixed with her own juices, and she touched them. She licked the taste off her fingers, knowing the result, knowing that the Doctor's limited patience was already wearing thin.

She hadn't drawn another breath before she found herself bent over his arm, receiving a smacked bottom for her trouble. But that was acceptable; she'd know the result before she'd done it. What she wasn't expecting was the hard bite on her shoulder, a bite that would remain for days. He was marking her for Jack's benefit, telling the other man who she really belonged to.

Pushed so hard she stumbled, Rose was once again ordered into the bathroom. Taking the time to make she was properly clean, Rose looked at her naked form in the mirror. Curvy (too much so), short, blond, with good breasts, and bum that the Doctor seemed to like. She looked like an ordinary person and she wondered what other ordinary people would think

if they knew what Rose got off on.

One last glance told her she was clean, and she opened the main door only to find that Jack had been released from the chair but was now at the bar, wrists chained, the Doctor buried hilt deep in his arse, thrusting hard and fast.

Two men fucking was something Rose hadn't seen before and she was entranced. It was just so damn *hot*! Libido already at its height, Rose was beginning to wonder if she'd get a chance to come, and just how that would happen. Whatever it was, it'd be at the Doctor's direction.

""Rose, look down!"" the Time Lord barked, and guiltily Rose lowered her head. She wasn't allowed to look, she was never allowed to look in the punishment room, and now she'd been caught staring. For the rest of the time she kept her head bowed, eyes on the floor, listen to the grunts and insults from the Doctor and the slide of flesh against flesh. Fantasies of what was happening and situations where she could watch freely kept her arousal high, but also her frustration. None of it was eased when she realised the sounds of sex had finished and the Doctor was standing in front of her, if anything, it made it worse. How was it possible for her to be the stimulated and not have come yet?

""Lie down and fuck yourself!"" she was ordered.

She obeyed, stretching out of the cool, hard floor of the punishment room. Her eyes stared at the ceiling, concentrating on the spot where the chain hooked into it. Somewhere above her she could feel the Doctor standing and glaring down on her. She ignored him, knowing that he didn't want acknowledgement.

Jack was still cuffed to the bar, but had his head turned and was looking at Rose, lying on the floor. She thought about telling the Doctor, but knew speech would just get her in trouble, and really, right now, all she wanted to do was come, whether at someone else's hands, or her own.

Her cunt was wet again with her juices, though she'd been thorough in the bathroom earlier, and her clit sung when she slid a finger over it. She knew her whole body shook, at that first touch, and she could taste copper as she bit her lip too hard. *Oh god, that felt good.....* So good, so fucking good.

Rose increased the pressure, stroking the little nub of pleasure faster and faster as she neared completion. Usually she didn't need this, and the Doctor didn't like her doing it in any case, but she'd forgotten that she was actually good at this, that she'd given more than one friend tips.

Rose could feel her breath coming quicker, but knew not to let a sound escape her.

It washed over her suddenly, the waves of pleasure catching her off guard. Her back arched off the floor and her hand clenched at her thighs with bruising force, but she still didn't make a sound. For long moments after she lay on the floor, slightly curled around herself, eyes closed, completely sated.

The door opened and closed.

““He's gone,”” Jack said.

Unfolding herself, Rose climbed shakily to her feet, and then released Jack from his bonds. The man straightened immediately, and rubbed at his wrists.

““You all right, sweetheart?”” Jack asked.

She bit her lip and smiled, thinking back over the events of the afternoon. All right? She was fucking fabulous, and she shared the sentiment with Jack, who laughed a little shakily himself and agreed.

Attracted to the fine male form in front of her, Rose couldn't help but touch Jack as they dressed. Caresses and kisses were exchanged between the two, laughter and friendship along with desire.

Rose'd found another reason to enjoy the punishment room

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#### PART 4

Rose tugged nervously on the hem of her very short skirt, straightened her blouse, lifted her shoulders to resettle it, and then brushed away imaginary dust. She waved the riding crop around for good measure and sucked in a deep breath. Then she pushed the door to the control room and strode in,

head held high, expression grim.

The Doctor was buried half under the console, playing with his ships innards. Rose's lips thinned when he didn't look up, or seem to notice her entrance. Briefly she entertained the idea of swatting him on the rear for his lack of attention, but then decided of a better way to get his attention. She slapped her crop over the railing and it cracked loudly, the Doctor started and there was a dull thud from under the consol. Rose smiled humourlessly.

He slid out, rubbing his forehead, scowling. "'Rose, what—'" then he saw her outfit and the riding crop. "'Oh.'"

"'Look down!'" she snapped. He was a moment too slow, and she couldn't allow him that kind of defiance. "'Hands on the railing. Bend over!'" she snapped. He obeyed, but still not as quickly as he could have. She entertained the idea of getting him to drop his pants -- but there'd be time for that later, so she snapped him twice on the backside and had the gratification of watching him jump.

"'You do as I ask, when I ask. Do you understand?'"

"'Yes, Mistress.'" He straightened.

"'I didn't tell you to get up -- bend over!'" She gave him two more licks for good measure. He stayed as he was, and she was mildly disappointed that he didn't give any sign of surprise or pain this time. "'Better,'" she praised. "'But you are to call me 'Master'.'"

"'Yes, Master,'" he said. She wasn't still entirely sure of his respect, but she could sort that out shortly.

"'Stand up straight. Put you hands behind you.'" She unclipped the handcuffs from her belt and snapped them over his wrists. "'Go to the Punishment Room,'" she commanded. He did as she asked.

Once across the threshold of the door, she removed the handcuffs, commanded him to take off his shirt and stand in the centre of the room. He did as she asked, but he was still slower than he should have been. She replaced the handcuffs, put the riding crop on the table in the centre of the room, and picked up two small cloth bags, tucking them into her belt. Then she stalked closer looking him and down, tracing patterns on his chest with her eyes; a lower glance revealed that the centre of his pants was a little

out of shape. Rose let a slight smile twist the corners of her mouth upward.

Reaching out, she allowed one finger to trace the patterns her eyes had made, feeling tight muscle and hard bone under taut skin. He was visibly uncomfortable at her actions, but surprisingly didn't skirm or make a sound. Her Doctor might be a bit slow but he was trying. Rose considered going a bit lighter on him, because of it, but then discarded the idea: he needed to be punished.

Through his pants, she cupped his erection, leaned forward so that the very revealing front of her shirt almost touched bare skin and whispered as close to his ear as she could manage, ""Good boy.""

Pulling back slightly and dipping down, Rose licked his left nipple and then took it in her mouth, sucking hard. He groaned. She bit lightly, then increased the pressure, pulling back slightly. Every muscle in his body tightened, making her feel smug. She released him and repeated the same on the other side. He groaned loudly. It occurred to her to make him silent, but decided it didn't bother her.

One swift movement had Rose standing up. Quick fingers undid his pants, and they slipped off his narrow hips and fell to the floor. A sweep of her hand, indicated he should step out of them and remove his shoes. He did as she asked. The he stood before her in all his glory, an impressive erection between them.

Rose removed one small cloth bag from her belt and emptied its contents into the palm of her hand. His nipples were undoubtedly still tender from her ministrations, so these two clips would be perfect. She snapped them on him, then brushed her finger tips over them, bring a moan of pleasure and pain to his lips.

The contents of the second bag was a little larger and resembled a small harness -- which essentially was what it was. The harness would and did slide on over the Doctor's erection and clip on neatly, partially cutting off the flow of blood, and ultimately it would prevent him from finding release until she allowed it. Looking up at his face, revealed the trepidation that he was feeling and she couldn't help but feel a little triumphant at her success. She was going to make climax that much harder for him to achieve -- and if he wanted it, he was going to make sure that she was properly

satisfied first.

Surveying her handiwork, she nodded, pleased. ““Go and sit down.”” She indicated the chair at the table. The chair was a favourite as it was designed to restrain its inhabitant. Full restraints included feet, hands and neck, but she had removed the arms, because they would be in her way, and she didn’t intend on using the neck or ankle straps. They would just get in her way. But the chair was wood, hard and uncomfortable, and that was exactly the point.

She made sure his hands were locked behind the chair and cuffed tightly. Rose then leaned down and allowed her mouth to hover just above his, letting her breath mingle with his own, watching as he licked his lips. Her fingers brushed against the hard length, which was tightly bound in its harness.

““Such a good, obedient boy,”” she murmured to him. ““Doing exactly what I ask.”” Her fingers curled around the same length, stroking up and down. His breathing hitched and then became laboured.

““But you’ve been bad -- sleeping with a French whore, and sneaking around with your ex-girlfriend. Did you think I wouldn’t notice, wouldn’t do anything about it? What do you have to say for yourself?”” she barked.

He smiled sweetly, in the manner he used to disarm evil dictators. ““I don’t what you’re talking about,”” he said innocently.

Rose pulled back sharply, snatched the riding crop up and smacked it down on the table, catching the barest hint of flinching. It made her blood pump, and a mild pulse started up above the dampness at the top of her legs.

““Don’t lie to me. You’ve been bad, and you know it.””

He opened his mouth, as if to protest and she lifted her crop threateningly. She’d whip him if she had to. She told him this.

He lowered his eyes. ““Yes, Master,”” he muttered.

““What was that?”” she barked. ““I didn’t hear you. Speak clearly.””  
““Yes, Master.””



The riding crop was put back on the table and she regarded him for several minutes. His eyes stayed down, shoulders slumped as much as his cuffed hands would allow, submissive to the apparent core. Rose felt unbelievably powerful and unbelievably turned on. She swung one leg over his, perched on the table and pushed herself back. She lifted both feet up, and put the on the back of the chair, revealing her very wet cunt to him.

He lifted his head to look at it, and a look of desire and hunger passed across his face. Rose was pleased. But he couldn't have her yet.

““That slut wore a very big dress, if I remember,”” Rose said, almost conversationally. ““You didn't have a lot of time though, so you didn't take it off. You just went under and ate her up, didn't you? You put that big flat mouth and busy tongue into her pussy and you had yourself a feast, didn't you?”

““It is one of the most convenient methods under the circumstances, Master,”” he replied.

““Well now you are going to do the same to me.””

With some wriggling he unhooked his hands from behind the chair so he could lean forward and eat her dripping cunt. As soon as his mouth touch her slit and then delved in deeper, Rose leant back giving him as much access as she could. His tongue slid in deep and low, and pushed its way up, brushing lightly across her clit, and she jolted in pleasure. She was wet and aching from all the teasing she'd been doing, and just looking at his naked form. It felt so good to finally start this release. But then his tongue slipped around and began to tease, to not quite touch the spot.

Without thinking, she lifted a hand from where it balanced her on the table, threaded her fingers through his hair and jerked his back. So he could see her eyes. Innocently, he licked his lips. She barely held back a shudder.

““No. No teasing. You get the job done quickly and properly. Do you understand me?””

““Yes, Master.””

Rose was about to release him so he could get back to work, when she changed her mind. ““No, clean me up first.””

Obediently, he licked her thighs, and around her pussy, removing all traces of her juices. Then he slid lower, tongue playing lightly at the puckered flesh of her arse. She couldn't help the gasp, and her fingers dug into hard wood, while her feet pressed hard against the back of his chair.

It didn't last long before he moved his way back up, tongue flat and massaging, playing with her slit and with her hole, before settling back against her clit. Technically it was disobedience, but she couldn't bring herself to punish him for it, not when his tongue was capable of such delightful manoeuvres against her. She thrust lightly against his mouth, and encouraged him to use more pleasure. Like a good boy he did exactly that, keeping a steady movement up until she came with a rushing crying.

Right now, all she wanted to do was collapse back, and maybe have him do that again. But she had a responsibility, and a charge. He must not see her weakness, caused by his actions. There was still his punishment to finish and it would not be as effective if he thought of her as being lesser.

Lower her feet to the ground she stood beside him, looking him up and down. He'd hooked his hands back behind the chair, and was staring down again, chin dripping, cock still rock hard.

She straddled him again, this time facing the table, and lowered herself on to his cock, feeling him slip forward to accommodate her. Once he was inside her, stretching her, pulling her in all the right directions she held still and just clenched her muscles around him. Rose practised with her ben wa balls on a regular basis and knew where her skill lay -- more than one man had complimented her on her control.

The position he was in, allowed the Doctor no control at all. Rose was responsible for lifting herself up and pushing herself down, sliding along his thick cock, her juices as lubricant. She found if she tilted herself forward his cock brushed against her g-spot making her shiver with delight, and her fingers on her clit -- still tender from his earlier work, caused her body to clench tightly.

Beneath her the Doctor groaned, and squirmed. She knew that without the harness, which brushed against the point where they joined on her every downward thrust, he would come very soon. But she wasn't done playing

yet. He'd come when she let him, and not before -- or after.

She increased her pace and pressed harder against her swollen mound. It didn't take long for her to crest through a second intense orgasm. This time, once the involuntary tightening of her muscles relaxed, she allowed her body to slump forward on to the table for a moment until she was ready to stand on her shaky feet.

Then she stood beside him once again and looked down at the angry, red erection damp and sticky from being inside her, but also beading at the top with some of its own moisture. A part of her wanted to flick that tip, to clean his cock, but that would be giving him too much power. So she reached down, and stroked him lightly, watching his eyes shut and his head lean back against the chair.

With gradually increasing pressure, she tightened her grip, moving her hand up and down, up and down, until she could hear his breath hitching, almost the point of sobbing.

""Rose,"" he mumbled, eyes squeezed tightly shut. ""Please.....""

""What was that?"" she barked -- how dare he use her name when she had told him not to. Her fingers tightened to what she knew would cause him pain.

""Master,"" with a struggle he opened his eyes and licked his lips.

""Master, I need to come.""

""Beg.""

""Please, Master, I need to come. Please let me come. Please, Master.""

Slowly, Rose removed the harness. ""I will let you come -- but only if you don't come until I say. If you come before that, or if you don't come then -- there will be unpleasant consequences. Do you understand?"

He met her gaze and quickly looked down. ""Yes, Master.""

Giving into temptation, she bent down and took the tip of his cock into her mouth, rolling it around on her tongue briefly. A loud groan distracted her and she pulled away to see the Doctor with a look of intense pain on his face, with a wicked smile she wrapped her hand around him again and began to

pump him.

Lost to words the Doctor began writhing and moaning, clearly struggling to hold to her order of not coming until she gave her word. Cruelly, she kept it up for a full minute. Then she leaned down and whispered in his ear.

““Come now.””

And he did, splattering on the table. He collapsed backwards, boneless.

““Good boy,”” she praised, and briefly brushed his lips with her own. By the time he thought to respond, she had pulled back. He looked up at her, expressionless and sated. ““Now,”” she continued. ““I’m going to leave you here to think about your actions. You’re not going to fuck anymore ex-girlfriends or French whores, are you?””

““No, Master,”” he intoned.

““Good.”” She turned away. She had no doubt that he’d work out how to get himself free in short order, but until then he could stay where he was.

Something slammed into her at the door, pinning her between the wood and a hard body. Impressively, he was already hard again. As he dragged her away, Rose suppressed a smile -- he wouldn’t like it if he saw it.

““Did you think there wouldn’t be payback?”” he hissed in her ear.

Yes, but not quite so fast. She had expected it to be a couple of hours yet.

She liked it when he surprised her.